

A N  
E L E G Y  
O N T H E  
Death of the most Illustrious LORD,  
T H E  
EARL of St. ALBANS:

*Who Departed this Life the first Day of this Instant January, 1684.*

**G**O stop the swift-wing'd Moments in their flight,  
Arrest the Envious Course of Day and Night;  
Alas! it will not be, we strive in vain,  
Not all our Art can one poor Hour regain:

*TIME* flies in haste to meet Eternity,  
As Rivers to the Bosome of the Sea,  
There to be lost; nor can we bribe the stay  
Of the least Minute, to prolong the Day,  
Which is by Fate ordain'd to be our last,  
Without reverse, when once the Doom is past.  
For if there cou'd have been the least Reprieve  
To Mortal Breath, thou had'st been still alive;  
St. ALBANS still, had blest our wondring Eyes,  
Who now the Tyrant Death's pale Captive lies.  
Let us contemplate thee (brave Soul) and tho'  
We cannot track the way which thou didst go  
In thy Celestial Journey, and our Heart  
Expansion want, to think what now thou art,  
How bright and wide thy Glories, yet we may  
Remember thee as thou wert in thy Clay;  
Great without Title, in thy self alone,  
A mighty Lord, thou stood'st oblig'd to none  
But Heaven and thy self, for that great worth  
Which the propitious Stars that rul'd thy Birth  
Inspir'd into thy Noble Soul, and Thou  
Not wanting to thy self, did'st make it grow  
To such prodigious height, thou wast become  
So truly Glorious, that struck Envy Dumb.  
All Differences did in thy praise conspire,  
And ev'n thy Foes, if such cou'd be, admire  
Thy Noble Life, which like the constant Sun  
Did in the same Ecliptic always run  
Ever most loyal to the Royal Cause,  
Which from the Heaven of Heavens its Title draws;  
Where now thou liv'st, free'd from th'uncertain sport  
Of Time and Fortune, in the Starry Court,  
A Glorious Potentate; while we below,  
But fashion woes to mitigate our woe.

And now my sorrows follow thee, I tread  
The Milky way, and see the Snowy Head  
Of *Atlas* far below, while all the high-  
Swoln Buildings seem but Atoms to my eye;  
How small seems greatness here? how! not a span  
His *Empire* who commands the *Ocean*,  
Both that which boasts so much its mighty Ore,  
And th other wh ch with Pearl hath pav'd its shore.  
Nor can it greater seem, when this great All,  
For which Men quarrel so, is but a Ball-  
Cast down into the ayr, to sport the Stars-  
And all our general Ruines, mortal wars,  
Depopulated States, caus'd by their sway,  
And Mans so reverend wisdom but their play.  
By thee St. *Albans* living, we did learn  
The art of life, and by thy light discern  
The truth which Men dispute; but by thee Dead  
We're taught upon the worlds gay pride to tread,  
And that way sooner Master it, than he  
To whom both *Indies* tributary be:  
Thus shall we gain by Death, while we Deplore  
His Fate, remembering how great and good  
St. *Albans* was, and yet but flesh and blood -  
As we; how should the brave example move  
On kindled Souls, and lift us up above  
Low-thoughted Care of dull Mortality,  
Since, if as Good, we shall be Great as He.

The E P I T A P H.

**H**ail! Sacred House, in which his Reliques Sleep,  
Blest Marble, give me leave to approach and Weep:  
Unto thy Self, great Spirit, I will Repeat  
Thy Own brave STORY: tell thy Self how Great  
Thou wert in Mankind's Empire, and how all  
Who Out-Live Thee, see but the FUNERAL  
Of Glory; and if yet some Vertuous be,  
They but the Apparitions are of Thee.